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The Associated Students of the Montana State School of Mines

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THE ACROPOLITAN

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION BY THE MONTANA STATE SCHOOL OF MINES

Vol VII. FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 21, 1928 Number 2

M. S. S. M. SUCCEEDS WITH FIRST PLAY

The School of Mines scored a big triumph with its first dramatic venture. "The Admirable Crichton," which was presented last Saturday in the High School Auditorium, with Mrs. Converse as director. It is to be hoped that this may become a precedent in the school.

The play was one of J. M. Barrie's very well-known ones, with a subtle humor that it is very entertaining. It was rather difficult to produce, and Mrs. Converse aimed high when she chose it.

It went off, as all who saw the production will testify, with a smoothness that bespeake excellent direction. From 8:15 (yes, the curtain rose on scheduled time!) when the Junior High School chorus of 54 appeared, to Crichton's "No, my lady," at the very end, there was not a hitch.

Tauno Hintalla and Jean Siderfin Corry as the leads did remarkably well. Both have had experience in previous amateur plays, and both put their utmost into their parts, which were by no means easy to portray. Jake Brunner as the old gentleman with the fantastic ideas on the subject of equality (fantastic as judged by the standards of a typical English servant, at least), did equally well in his very difficult part. Leah Torrey and Pearl Hirsh as Lady Mary's sisters were all that could have been expected of those haughty, indolent young ladies. Tweeny, as portrayed by Margaret Helehan, drew more laughs from the audience than any other character. Her acting was indeed excellent. Linford Torrey was so much Lord Brocklehurst that it was difficult to believe that he was acting. Howard Elderkin and Don Cubbage did the parts of the clergyman and the budding humorist extremely well. Bessie Ellis, who took the part of Lady Brockelhurst on short notice is to be congratulated on her spirit. Last but far from least is Ambrose Shea who did many parts equally well—Tompsett and the Admiral.

The stage hands, under the leadership of Fat Matlock deserve much credit for their work, as also the wardrobe mistresses, Bessie Ellis and Margaret Kelly, and the electrician, Monroe Foster.

STATISTICS ON BUTTE'S PRODUCTION

Ten billion pounds of copper, two billion pounds of zinc, 350,000,000 ounces of silver and 1,600,000 ounces of gold have been the production to date from the few square miles comprising the intensely mineralized area of Butte, A. C. M. Geologist Murl H. Gidel told an audience of 75 students and mining engineers at the Montana State School of Mines recently. This amount of metal, according to the metallurgical faculty of the School of Mines, would do the following things:

1. If the copper produced from the Butte area were drawn into B. and S. No. 10 wire, it would reach 2400 times around the earth or 126 times to the moon and back.

2. The zinc, in the form of the same size wire, would reach 619 times around the earth or 32.5 times to the moon and back.

3. Silver wire of the same cross-sectional area made of all the silver produced in Butte would reach five and one-tenth times aound the earth or extend about half way to the moon.

4. The gold wire would reach only three-quarters of the way around the earth, but if made into $5 gold pieces the resulting stack would be six and one-half miles high.

Mr. Gidel sketched the general geologic history of the Butte area, beginning with the pre-Cambrian rocks, which he stated were probably some 700,000,000 years old, following the successive depositions of strata until the time of their invasion by the Boulder batholith, of which the granite area about Butte represents a portion on the south-western border.

Mr. Gidel next took up the system of fissuring and illustrated by numerous diagrams the intricacy of the faulting and of the vein pattern in the Butte area. He explained the methods employed in locating underground displaced vein segments.

Mr. Gidel also discussed in considerable detail the zonal area of mineralization in the Butte hill, pointing out that the central core of copper mineralization is surrounded by a zone of zinc mineralization and that in turn by a border of manganese mineralization. Mr. Gidel also stressed the notable absence of oxidized copper minerals in Butte and stated that this was to be explained by the large amount of pyrite in the veins which as oxidation proceeds causes the formation of a considerable amount of sulphuric acid by which the copper in the out-crops is dissolved and carried to a lower horizon there to be precipitated as secondary chalcocite and covellite.

Wanted.

Expert toreadors with Spanish instincts to throw the bull for the Acropolitan. In other words we want voluntary contributors; college education unnecessary.

DR. COOLBAUGH VISITS MINES

At eleven o'clock on Nov. 15 a general assembly was called to give the students an opportunity to hear Dr. F. M. Coolbaugh speak. Dr. Coolbaugh is president of the Colorado School of Mines. He was introduced by President Thomson, who is an alumnus of Colorado.

Dr. Coolbaugh spoke at length upon that ancient and time worn theme, "the value of early training." There are none of us who realize what an immense value lies in the impressions that are formed in the famed plastic age. Of our entire enrollment, none of us realize just why we are here; at least that is what Dr. Coolbaugh believes. We don't know what the student body at the Colorado School of Mines is like, but if Dr. Coolbaugh's ideas concerning college students in general are gathered from a study of his own student body, then we can thank our stars that we are the M. S. S. M.

The beautiful thing about our educational system is that college training isn't compulsory. Those that realize the value of college training come to college; those that don't, do not come. Many men realize the value of training, but other responsibilities prevent their attending the higher institutions of learning. Dr. Coolbaugh's address was particularly encouraging to these men. There is no denying that many of our older students appreciated his ideas on training past twenty-five years of age. It is a pleasant thing to know that you never learn anything after thirty. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. If Dr. Coolbaugh is right in his views, there should be an immediate ban placed upon professors going abroad to study. The fountains of knowledge at which they drink at that senile age of thirty-five years produce no more effect upon their mental facilities than the proverbial pouring of water upon a duck's back. After all, this prolonged period of infancy that psychologists tell us so much about, and that distinguish the human race from the lower forms of animal life is only a dream.

It may be true, Miners, that a man never gets a new idea after he is thirty, but Faraday wasn't going to Oxford when he discovered the principle that was destined to revolutionize the power industry.

As for the co-eds, don't be discouraged. Cleopatra could still wreck Anthony's ambitions after Caesar's son started learning to make pictures of the birds of the Nile (later developed into the Egyptian writing system.) and Queen Elizabeth could still make Sir Walter's heart throb after her auburn hair was turning gray. There is a hope, you know.

The latter part of Dr. Coolbaugh's speech was upon the broader scope of engineering. It could be appreciated by all of us. He pointed out the increasing demand in all industries for men trained in Engineering, and widening field for the engineer. It gave us a much greater appreciation of the field that Dr. Coolbaugh knows, than did his little dissertation upon the invincibility and supremacy of youth.

Whether they agreed with him or not, the students agreed in thinking Dr. Coolbaugh himself an interesting, kindly and sympathetic man.

MR. McQUAID LECTURES AT MINES

Mr. McQuaid lectured before the Mines' student body on the measurement of temperatures and the control of heat. His lecture was fully illustrated by a remarkable display of temperature measuring instruments and control apparatus. He discussed the relative merits of the many types of thermometers with their methods of manufacture and ageing. He then deviated to bring in the vital factor of humidity and its relation to temperature. The discussion ran the scale of control in ordinary bread making to mine ventilation factors. The topics of barometric pressure, osmosis, and vegetable diets were discussed also. Of especial value was Mr. McQuaid's. delightful hints on how to handle scientific instruments to get good results.

Mr. McQuaid is field representative for the Taylor Instrument Co., and a real talker—eh what?

MR. BENDER SPEAKS AT THE MINES

Mr. L. V. Bender is the charter grad of Montana Mines. He graduated in 1903, in a class of one. At present he is general superintendent of the Anaconda Reduction Works, and chairman of the Montana Society of Engineers.

Mr. Bender was the third of prominent local engineers who have contributed of their time and valuable experience to enlighten the ignorant college engineer in the ways of current practice. This completed the third of a series of lectures held under the auspices of the Montana State School of Mines.

Mr. Bender's talk was quite general and covered his own varied experiences as superintendent of one of the largest reduction warks in the world. His discussion of the laying and aging of converter bottoms was especially interesting. The lecture ended with the asking of numerous inquisitive questions by various faculty members and two students, in which the festering sore of the "Carson Patents" was touched but touched only.

Stefansson Lectures at Butte High

Among the events which took place in November was the very interesting lecture delivered by Vilhjalmur Stefansson in the Butte High School Auditorium. Stefansson is a noted arctic explorer who not only is an able explorer but is also an interesting speaker. His lecture was secured through the State University and all profits, if any, were to be given to the A. S. S. M. to be used in reducing the athletic debt.

Promptly at eight o'clock President Thomson introduced the speaker and he stepped off the stage. For the next three hours the rather small audience was taken to the heart of the arctic by Mr. Stefansson. He made clear the fact that things north of the arctic circle are not as our childhood school books would have us believe or as our forefathers have told us. He listed several things about which we have long been under the wrong impression.

1st The arctic is not exceedingly cold.
2nd There is plenty of animal life.
3rd There is plenty of plant life.
4th The North Pole is not the most inaccessible place in the arctic.
5th The arctic regions are a relatively small portion of the northern hemisphere.
6th The arctic furnishes a shorter route to the far East.
7th The explorers should not be heroes because they do not endure especial hardships. In fact they enjoy the life of the far North.
8th The white man can live on a meat diet.
9th Eskimos don't live in snow houses.
10th Eskimos don't eat fat.

Stefansson described his first trip to the arctic and the disillusioning he underwent. He told of his later trips and how he and all his party lived on a meat diet for months and months, noted doctors notwithstanding.

The latter part of the lecture was given over to pictures of the arctic shown on the srceen. The summer scenes were green with grass and showed many flowers and birds, mosquitoes, caribou, and myriads of other life forms. The Eskimos lived in tents and more modern shacks. Then the winter scenes showed the ice and the snow but still some life was apparent.

Throughout the lecture Mr. Stefanccon made the arctic decidedly clear. Above all he was humorous and a very good story teller. Those who missed him missed a rare treat and we can only hope we get a chance to hear him again.

CUPID TAKES THREE VICTIMS

"Extra—paper all about the big shooting!! Extra—pa-per!!"

We rush to the window to buy a paper, anticipating a big thrill. And it comes. Lo, Cupid, that inveterate and hardened criminal, is the murderer, with the blood of his victims hardly dry on his arrows. And the victims? Well, well, and a couple of whoopees! The headlines scream, "One killed and two thought fatally wounded in sensational fray!"

Don't get too excited. All boiled down, it amounts to this: that the M. S. S. M. is no safe place for any single man or woman these days—that is, for any outside the ranks of the students. There must be something romantic in the old place, after all—in spite of its extremely technical air.

No sooner do we hear of Miss Hubbard's resignation than out pops the news of her marriage, which may have been meant to be kept a secret but which has woefully failed that purpose. Joking aside, Mrs. Evans has our sincere wishes for many years of happiness.

And no sooner had we recovered from the effects of that than the little bird brings us word that her successor, too, has fallen victim to that extremely dangerous germ usually termed love. So soon Mr. Browne, so soon! And to top that: the newest faculty member, too, our very tallest professor—need we tell you the name?

Well, the only conclusion at which we are able to arrive after pondering on these pieces of news is that the Mines must truly exert some matrimonial influence. No professor seems to be able to stay in the state of single blessedness longer than three months after he comes here!

THE DANCING CLUB DANCE

As a greeting to the happy vacation ahead, the Dancing Club of the Montana State School of Mines staged the first of its entertainments for the students, faculty and friends Wednesday evening, November 28th, in Engineering hall. Everybody gave devout thanks while enjoying themselves to the utmost to the merry strains of Moore's All Stars.

The attendance was not very large, due to the fact that many out-of-town students had left for home and the usual preparations for a gala Thanksgiving had kept others away. The faculty chaperoned as usual, and it is hoped that the club will be hosts to such another delightful affair in the near future.

Montana Society of Engineers Meets at Montana Mines

The Montana Society of Engineers held their meeting in the Metallurgy building of the Montana State School of Mines. Mr. L. V. Bender, chairman, introduced the speakers of the evening, and their respective topics as follows:

Mr. Arthur Linforth on the use and construction of Engineering Models and Mr. E. S. Perry on the Geology of the Morrison Cavern near Whitehall, Mont.

Mr. Linforth, the first speaker of the evening gave a detailed account of his own and associates' experiences in the making of models for engineering purposes. He elaborated upon the ingenious devices developed in making highly accurate models. One of especial interest was the application of the pantograph to slicing out sheets of "gaged" modeling clay for contoured surfaces in developing Geologic model surfaces directly from topographic maps. Thus, surfaces can be directly developed from small scale drawings. Mr. Linforth's talk, while especially on mine, geologic and topographic models their construction and uses; also included discussions on machine and other types His lecture was vividly illustrated by numerous models of all descriptions. Those of especial interest were of local mines, and regional geology. His account of the choosing of "scales" and their relations to turning out a symmetrical model was of great interest.

Mr. E. S. Perry is head of the Geological department of the Montana State School of Mines and his talk was on the geology of the Morrison Cave District and also well illustrated by slides. By sketches, he illustrated the formation of the eastern caverns by leaching along joint planes of masses of limestone between the deep gorges of the regional drainage system. He contrasted the Morrisson Cavern with those of Kentucky.

Morrisson cave is situated in the high bluffs on the north side of Jefferson River in the extreme southwest corner of Jefferson County 43 miles east of Butte and one mile east of Limespur Station The entrance is about two thirds way up the mountain side, about 1000 feet above the level of the river and is perhaps one half mile back from the river.

The rugged ridges of this mountainous region, commonly rise 1000 feet above the drainage and occasionally 2000 feet. The uplands in places are of gently rolling topography with broad areas under cultivation. The valleys of the larger streams are characterized by flat bottoms which are frequently bordered by alluvial terraces. Invariably the slopes are steep. The topography has reached a stage of development commonly termed youthful.

The gently rolling surface of the uplands, which truncate steeply dipping sedimentary beds differing in hardness, hint at a past history, and are suggestive of a pre-existing physiographic surface different from the present surface. Those who have studied the geographic history tell of an ancient southward flowing drainage emptying into the Snake River System. They tell of changes in the elevation of the surface, of the the damming of stream valleys, of stream piracy, and of marked changes in the courses of these ancient streams.

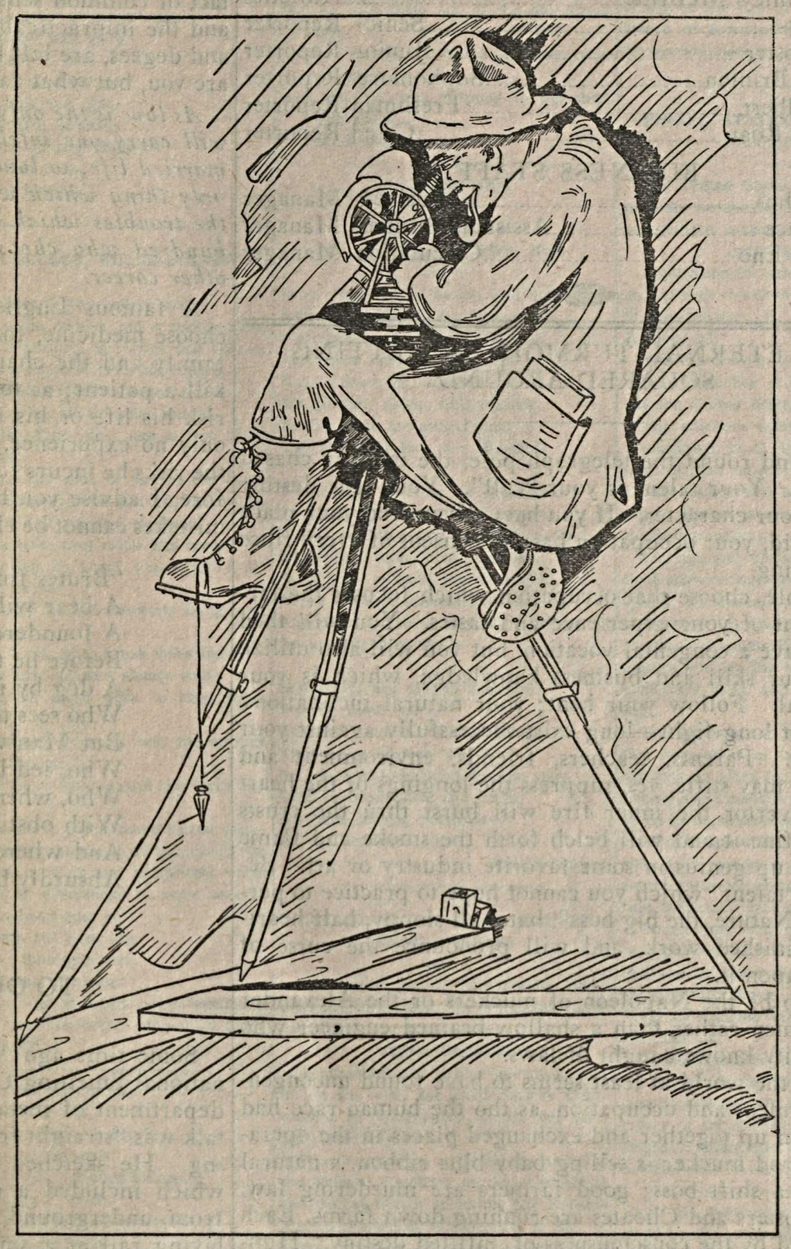
The development of Morrisson Cave is closely associated with this old topography and the change to a new and lower surface.

Geology.

The cave is developed in Madison Limestone, that great limestone formation so conspicious and widespread in Western Montana. This same formation forms the high white cliffs of the Gallatin canyon, five miles east of Bozeman. It forms the high massive limestone cliffs west of Drummond. It is common in the neighborhood of Dillon and also near Gt. Falls. In the Kevin Sunburst Oil Field this limestone serves as a reservoir for oil. Eastward from Great Falls and Livingston the Madison becomes deeply buried, but it comes to the surface again in the Black Hills and Prior Mountain uplifts. Some investigators have suggested that the Mammoth Hot Springs of Yellowstone Park derive their lime content during the passage of water through the Madison Limestone which is believed to be present at depth in that locality.

The Madison Limestone is of Mississipian age, which is the same age as those formations containing Mammoth cave in Kentucky, Lurae Cavern in Virginia, Wyandote Cave in Indiana, and the Carlsbad Cavern in New Mexico. Paleographers tell us that during the Mississipian time—one of the closing periods to the Paleozaic Era—an extensive sea was continuous from the east central United States westward into the Nevada and Northward into Canada. This mediterranean sea was characterized by deposits of limestone, which during later periods was unusually susceptible to solution, because of its purity, by underground water One of the most unusual features of the Morrisson cave is its development in deeply dipping strata whereby it differs from all other noted caverns of America. The strata near limespur dip westward at angles from 30 to 45 degrees. Not only this, but the body of Madison limestone in which the cavern is developed is a rather narrow block one and a half miles

(Continued on Page 4.)



HEARD FROM DON MITCHELL

Scranton, Penna., Dec. 9, 1928

Dear Whoozis:

Wht in the ell. Gwen sent me a copy of the Acropolitan and what do I observe but the artistic spoon of C. M. Harrer in the editorial soup. First I would like to say that the paper is better than I have ever seen it but don't let that blow up your ego because you will always be a damphool and I know it even if you don't.

How are you and the new president getting along?

I am right in the heart of the anthracite coal country here with a gallows frame in everybody's back yard just like Butte except that the town is about 250,000 including polacks. The miners are all organized and have things arranged so they can make their 10 dollars a day by working 4 or 5 hours. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon you can see them trailing home blacker than Coalies hide for none of them change clothes or wash at the mine (probably afraid of catching cold.) I was down in a big mine the other day to look at some machines with the foreman . He kept telling me to watch out for the trolley,keep my head down, don't stumble, etc., till I felt like explaining to him that I had worked in places where they wouldn't let him push the car. I didn't tho because he was bigger than I was and his face had been cultivated several times with brass knuckles, pick handles, etc., until it looked like a relief map of the Rocky Mountains.

I just ate lunch with a fellow who spent 4 years in Cerro de Pasco. He left there 6 months ago and started work for this company. He leaves this afternoon for New York and sails next week for the Paris office of this company. I told him to drink a couple for me.

I may be coming thru Butte in a couple or three months and if I do I will look you up. Merry Xmas to you and write when you have time. Any letter sent to the Co. office will be forwarded to me.

Here's looking at you.

DON.

We grieve to think what has become of the Anderson-Carlisle Society. Sponsor of those delightful banquets at which the elite of the student body listened to talks of "men who know," it has become as active as the dodo. Is it that the lecture series has displaced it? We dislike that idea. The society gave more than a few ideas from dinner speakers. It furnished the means to students to train themselves in the behavior at dinners and similar functions. Because of it, many students (and alumni) now know which fork to pick up first. It makes us think of the quip we once laughed at: that dancing was a compulsory subject at West Point.

NOTICE—Outside Readers.
What do you think of this paper?
Dirty cracks will be repaid by same.

IF I WERE A COED

If I were a co-ed I wouldn't make so much noise. Every time one of the co-eds starts for class you can hear her over in the next building. And it is distracting to the miners who try to study once in a while.

If I were a co-ed, I wouldn't spend all of my time in the girls' cloak room. I'd be out in the hall trying to amuse the miners. They need amusement often.

If I were a co-ed, I wouldn't publish articles in the Acropolitan telling of the sumptuous feeds we have and feeling sorry for the miners. I'd see to it that they were all fed.

If I were a co-ed, I wouldn't start for class with the rest of the co-eds; I'd start alone and make one of the good looking miners take me there. (Query by a co-ed Who is he?)

If I were a co-ed, I wouldn't start for home with the rest of them. I'd start alone and see to it that I wasn't alone when I arrived there. Notice that the ones who follow this policy always have dates.

If I were a co-ed and wanted a date, I'd pick the one I wanted and vamp him a little. He'll get dizzy and fall for the suggestion the first time you mention it.

If I were a co-ed, and winter came, I'd discard the silks and get out the good old red flannels. I don't see how they stand the cold weather (and none of them will explain it.)

If I were a co-ed, I'd invite my favorite miner up to the house on Sunday evening and try to teach him how to play bridge. But I wouldn't entice him into betting his favorite tie with me on a cinch bet and then make him go without it for the rest of the evening.

If I were a co-ed, I wouldn't wear my skirts so short and show my knees. The miners are always more interested in what they can't see.

If I were a co-ed, I wouldn't act so conceited. It's one thing that makes the miners mad. They are a democratic lot.

'RITHMETIC

He had been teaching 'rithmetic
He said, it was his mission,
He kissed her once then twice real quick,
And said,
"Now that's addition."
And he added smack by smack,
In silent satisfaction,
She sweetly gave his kisses back
And said—
"Now that's subtraction."

And he kissed her
And she kissed him
Without an explanation,
Then both together smiled
And said—
"That's multiplication."
Then Dad appeared upon the scene
And made a quick decision,
He kicked the teacher down the hall
And yelled,
"That's long division."

IF I WERE A MINER

If I were a Miner, I'd speak for myself. I certainly would not refrain from asking a girl for a date because she seems "surrounded." Maybe she is just the one who is waiting for a chance to break away. I wouldn't act insolent and as though I didn't care for a girl if I really did. I wouldn't resort to subterfuges to give her a slam when you have fallen out. I'd either try to clear up the misunderstanding, or else I'd just be friends. There is nothing gained from having a chip on your shoulder.

If I were a letterman I wouldn't think I was too much better than anyone else. I'd wipe that look you have off my face, if I were you. If I had a good time at a party, or such, I'd say so.

I wouldn't judge all the Co-eds by some of them. I'd give the rest a chance. If a girl spoke to me, I'd say 'Hello' I wouldn't just nod my head or give her a friendly grin. Do both. If a Co-ed turns you down at a dance with the excuse that her program is filled, I'd give her another chance and not take it as though she were trying to ditch me. If I disapproved of a Co-ed, I wouldn't broadcast my opinion. They could come back, but they don't. If the Co-eds ever started a truth party, I pity some of the egotists that might attend. If I were a Miner, I wouldn't think I was superior to the Co-eds. They're here to stay, and there is no reason why your attitude toward them should be any different than it was to your classmates in High School.

PERSISTENCE

There is no fate or destiny that can thwart the determined soul. The "cruel fates" which are dogging the footsteps of so many people and barring their way are in themselves. Their lukewarmness, their half-heartedness, their indifference, their lack of enthusiasm, of energy, of grit, their fool streaks, their own shortcomings of every sort—these are the fates that are keeping them from their own.

To complain of your fate, of being kept down by hard luck, is to hold yourself up to ridicule. Instead of sympahtizing, people will laugh at you and know that you are trying to hide your weakness, your lack of selfreliance. No one will take any stock in you while you talk such nonsense.

Your environment cannot defeat your ambition. Nothing can defeat you or rob you of success but yourself. No conditions, however inhospitable, can swamp you, or thwart your life aim—if you have a life aim. Your own weakness only can do that—your lack of determination, your lack of energy, your lack of backbone, your lack of confidence in yourself. Nothing in the world can make you a nonentity; no chance, no conditions, no environment, nothing but yourself can do that. You can be a nobody if you will, or a somebody if you will; it is right up to you. You can make a success of your life, you can send influence down the ages, or you can go to your grave a useless nobody, without ever having made a ripple in the current of the life of your day.

THE ACROPOLITAN

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THE ETERNAL TURMOIL OF GETTING SQUARED AROUND

Round and round the telegraph pole, the monkey chased the weasel. Your talent is your "call". Your true destiny speaks in your character. If you have discovered your place in this world, your occupation has the consent of every fibre of your being.

If possible, choose that occupation which focuses the largest amount of your experience and tastes. You will then not only have a congenial vocation, but you will also utilize largely your skill and business knowledge, which is your true capital. Follow your bent; your natural inclinations. You cannot long fight—long exist successfully against your aspirations. Parents, teachers, friends, environment and misfortune may stifle, yes, suppress the longings of the heart like a convertor the inner fire will burst thru the crusts which confine it and will belch forth the smoke and flame of its pent up genius in some favorite industry or art. Beware of a "talent" which you cannot hope to practice to perfection. "Nature, the big boss", hates all sloppy, half hearted, half finished work, and will pronounce the curse of "failure" upon it.

Better to be the Napoleon of muckers or the Alexander of repair men rather than a shallow-brained engineer who like necessity knows naught of laws.

Half of the world at least seems to have found uncongenial employment and occupation, as tho the human race had been shaken up together and exchanged places in the operation. A good mucker is selling baby blue ribbon, a natural teacher is a shift boss; good farmers are murdering law, while Websters and Choates are running down farms. Each are tortured by the consciousness of unfilled destiny. Hundreds are chafing under unnatural loads in college, who should be before the mast, in our mills, our smelters, our mines. Artists are spreading "daubs" on canvas who should be behind a cement gun, shooting a powder house, or white-washing board fences and painting barns. Behind counters stand clerks who hate a yardstick. In engineering offices and technical schools are men who despise mathematics and neglect their daily tasks to dream of other occupations. A boy who is always making something with tools is "railroaded", thru the University and started on the road to inferiority in one of the three honorable professions.

How fortunate that—*"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will."* A man's calling, if he fits it and lives it, does more to make him than anything else. It hardens his muscles, quickens his blood, strengthens his body, sharpens his mind, wakes up his inventive genius, corrects his judgment, matures it, puts his wits to work, arouses his ambitions, starts him on the race of life, makes him feel that he is a man must fill a man's place, bear a man's part in life and show himself a man in part. A man without employment is not a man, but a bum, and a "bum" bum at that. Two hundred pounds of muscle, bone and fat do not make a man. , A sound head crammed full of brains does not make a man. The bone and muscle and brain must know how to do a man's work, think a man's thoughts, mark out a man's path and bear a man's weight of character and duty before they constitute a man.

"Go-at-it-iveness" is the first requisite of success. *"Stick-to-it-iveness"* is the second. Under ordinary circumstances, and with practical common horse sense to guide him, one who has these qualities will not fail.

Don't wait for a higher position or a larger salary. Enlarge the position you already occupy, put originality of method into it. Fill it as it was never filled before. Be more prompt, more energetic, more thorough, more polite than your predecessor. Study your profession, devise new modes of operation, be able to give your employers points. The art lies not in giving satisfaction merely, not in simply filling your place but in doing better than was expected, in surprising your employer; and the reward will be a better place and a larger salary.

When suddenly "canned", or out of work, and broke, try to take the first respectable job that offers itself, heeding not the disproportion between your faculties and your task. If you put your manhood into your toil, you will soon emerge from the muck and be given something better.

This question of a right aim in life has become exceedingly peplexing in our complicated mechanical age. It is not a difficult poblem to solve when one is the seventh son of a son-of-a-gun, or the daughter of an arab sheik. Their condition hardly admits of but one choice; but as we rise higher and higher in the scale of civilization, and creep nearer to the great centers of activity, the difficulty of a correct decision increases with its importance. In proportion as one is hard pressed in competition it is of the sternest necessity for him to choose the right aim, so as to be able to throw the whole of his energies and enthusiasms into the struggle for success. The dissipation of strength and hope is fatal to prosperity even in the most attractive field.

Gladstone says there is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted.

Not money, notoriety, nor even fame, but "power" is what you want. Manhood is greater than wealth, grander than fame, character is greater than any career. Each faculty must be educated, and any deficiency in its training will appear glaringly in whatever you do. The world does not demand that you be a mining engineer, geologist or metallurgist; it does not dictate what you shall do, but it does require that you be a master in whatever you undertake. If you are a master in your line the world will applaud you and all doors will fly open to you. But it condemns cruelly all botches, abortions, and failures.

In the great race of life, "common sense" has the right of way. Wealth, a diploma, a pedigree, talent, genius without tact or common sense cut but small figure. The incapables and the impracticables, though loaded down with diplomas and degees, are left behind. Not what do you know, or who are you, but what can you do is the interrogation of this age.

As love is the only excuse for marriage, and the only thing will carry one safely though the troubles and vexations of married life, so love for an occupation or profession is the only thing which will carry one safely and surely through the troubles which overwhelm ninety-five out of every one hundred who choose the life of an engineer, or in every other career.

A famous Englishman said to a near relative, "Don't choose medicine, for we have never had a murderer in our family and the chances are that in you ignorance you may kill a patient; as to the law, no prudent man is willing to risk his life or his fortune to a young lawyer, who has not only no experience, but is generally too conceited to know the risks he incurs for his client who alone is the loser; therefore, I advise you by all means to enter the church, as the mistakes cannot be clearly determined in this world."

"Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly
A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five barred gate.
A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But Man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats nature;
Who, when she loudly cries—Fobear!
With obstinacy fixes there;
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs."

—Swift.

TO OUR AUGUST SENIORS

Some time ago Mr. J. O. Elton, manager of the International Smelting Company, spoke at a dinner given by the department of metallurgy at the University of Utah. His talk was "straight from the shoulder" and singularly appealing. He sketched in detail his own personal experience, which included a complete mining and smelting record; from underground laborer to mine superintendent; from laying rail at a smelting plant to acting as smelter plant manager. At the conclusion of the talk he distributed a "List of Questions A Young Engineer Shrould Ask Himself From Time to Time When Considering His Job." Their remarkable completeness and value can hardly be expressed. They follow:

1. Am I getting enough money on which to live?
2. Can I retain my self-respect and do what I am called upon to do?
3. Am I making use of the technical information it took four years to gain in college?
4. Am I getting experience that will be helpful later?
5. Am I building up a worthwhile acquaintance?
6. Am I doing a class of work I like?
7. Do I believe that there is a real future in my work?
8. Am I working for a concern with which I am proud to be associated?
9. Do I feel that I am working with my boss instead of for him?
10. Does the policy of the company make me feel that if I put over my job I will get the recognition I deserve?
11. Am I in the right department?
12. Is it the policy of the company to develop its own executives?

If a majority of the above questions are answered in the affirmative, the following questions may be asked:

1. Am I doing my best to earn my pay?
2. Am I becoming more efficient as time goes on?
3. Am I trying to fit myself for the next higher job?
4. Am I helping the new beginner?
5. Am I fitting in to the organization, being cheerful and congenial?
6. Am I doing my duty as a citizen as well as an employee?
7. Am I avoiding harmful association?
8. Am I thrifty; that is, am I saving, if only a little bit?
9. Am I improving myself in my spare time?
10. Are my recreations healthful and harmless?
11. Do I believe in my future?
12. Am I worthy of the confidence of my employers?
13. Am I conducting myself so that my fellow employees are proud to have me for an associate?
14. Am I loyal to the "hand thaat feeds me"?
15. Am I a booster for my company?

What a pity that such men as Mr. Elton are a rarity. If every technical school could be fortunate enough to have a few Mr. Eltons to take an interest in the coming generation of engineers, a remarkable fraternity and fellowship would be developed among technical men; the green graduate would feel less of an outcast and would enter the engineering world primed for a "raring start" or at least with sufficient bull-dog tenacity to wade the first few years of heart-breaking discouragement and discontent, when theory clashed with the old hard facts of "dollar and cents," and the rank theorist becomes gradually tempered and brought to conform to business standards.

How wild and erratic must seem the old grad's earliest dreams before the take-off. How he must smile at tempestuous youth. Alas! Why should he forget his green days? Why should he not give the senior a kick up instead of a stomp downwards?

OPEN FORUM

Using Judgment in Criticizing Others.

This subject has brought itself to my attention recently because a great number of statements and complaints have been coming my way concerning certain professors and their methods of teaching or merely of their personalities. I have noticed that most of these protests and libelous exclamations are most frequently spoken by those who dislike the subjects which these professors teach. It follows, consequently, that if a student does not like a subject he, being human, is prone to take it out on the teacher. When the truth of that is recognized, it must be seen also that it isn't fair to any person to be condemned and hot-bedded just because the subject he happens to teach doesn't appeal to the student. Furthermore, it isn't good form to let the whole school know constantly that you don't like this or that professor when there aren't any reasonable grounds for prejudice. Everyone is liable to fits of dislike for things and people, but one might as well be man enough to keep it to himself instead of whining about it to everyone. If you have a grudge on a teacher, keep in mind that he may be far different, once you know him, from what he appears. Possibly he is putting his whole soul into his work and earnestly strives to make his classes the best that can be attained. A teacher who takes extra time of his own to help those who need help, and those who, I'm afraid, aren't very appreciative, doesn't appear to be any slougher on the job. On the contrary he is doing what he doesn't need to do and only for the students' benefit. Perhaps offenders referred to will be wise enough and just enough to think before they make hasty remarks and realize the need for complete understanding between pupil and teacher for the sake of progress.

OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity is not the chances we have offered to us. It is rather those chances we are able to take advantage of. Each thing in our day's travel that gives us self-expression is a golden opportunity and a stepping stone to achievement. The little things that we pass by, unheeding their glints of wisdom, are the things that make up our Year of Life.

Each year finds us lamenting these wasted moments and making resolutions intended to guard against making similar blunders in the New Year.

Opportunity is not ushered in with the New Year or evicted with the passing of the Old Year. Opportunity is offered every waking moment of our lives. We must be at attention at its approach. It does not lie in wait for us.

Bemoaning our losses unfits us for action. Our losses mount higher as we mourn for past mistakes. Condemn not, and especially condemn not ourselves for things done by the Hand that neither heart nor brain can control. Time wasted in moaning and condemnation is time stolen from the Epoch of Life.

The passing moment is freighted with the fruits of our best labor. Observe it and realize that the theft of time is what makes us poor in mind, poor in opportunity, and poor in friends and purse. Today is the seed time and the harvest. TODAY is the master of time and the slave of humanity, if it is so willed by us.

NEW STUDENT NEWS SERVICE

Toward Pan-American Understanding.

New York, N. Y. (by New Student Service).—A student of Latin American history remarked last summer that the day it not far off when young North America will have the opportunity to study a high school course in "United States History" conceived in terms of the total influences and results of the general migrations of the western nations in the wake of Columbus.

Certainly we are beginning to discover that htere is a rich and significant history and an important literature below Texas, as well as bananas and oil and rubber. And while Mr. Hoover set out in his battleship to strengthen commercial relations the historians of several colleges are making possible a more enduring friendship through understanding. Last year the Duke University Press published the first of a series of monographs on Spanish American history and this year an even more important contribution is being undertaken by the University of North Carolina Press. An Inter-American Historical series is being planned, which will consist of fifty volumes of histories of the Spanish-American countries. The histories will be those generally used in Spanish-American countries. There will also be an atlas of Hispanic-American history.

December 1, 1928.

Why Jake Can't Keep a Job.

"Why did you fire Brunner?"

"Because," replied the foreman, "I had some words with him six months ago, and he called me a 'whang o' kebbuck.'"

"But, man, six months ago!"

"I know, but it was only yesterday that I discovered that a 'whang o' kebbuck' is the Scotch for a 'piece of cheese.'"

PANNINGS

A notice posted on the bulletin board stated that "All criticisms of the Acropolitan would be gratefully received by the Editor."

Of course, we can understand how you feel about signing your name to these criticisms, so that the first one we received was anonymous. That part was perfectly all right, and you can continue to hand them in that way if you wish, but—! We ask for criticisms. Censure should not be given unless the person who is speaking knows what he is talking about.

The letter we received censured the writeup of the Mines play which was given the 15th of December. It contained a statement that 'the person who wrote the article about the play was either very dumb or unobservant or doesn't understand plays or how to interpret a play'. It went on to say that 'no one here is able to criticize Barrie's works to the extent of making possible changes.' Our advice to the anonymous author is to read the article over again. Maybe our eye sight is not very good, but we can see no suggested changes.

Mr. Barrie himself would tell you that unless an actor understands the author's mood and sees his viewpoint, it is useless for him to undertake acting a part. The person who wrote that article has a prominent part in the play and, according to Mrs. Converse, her interpretation of the character is superb. It is obvious the person knew what she was talking about.

The critic also states 'Please be very particular about who you have do these things." if the critic wishes a little personal history (alhough we believe he knows her very well) about the staff member who wrote the article, we will, for his benefit, say that for a year she wrote and criticized plays for a leading Butte newspaper. We feel very fortunate in being able to obtain her services for our staff.

The only conclusion we can come to is that the critic musunderstood the whole article. So far as personal remarks are concerned, in writing a review of a play, it is absolutely necessary to make personal remarks about the characters. If anyone attempted to criticize the play, it certainly would not be on the front page of the school newspaper, before the play is given. Criticism of the play may be given in an English class but not before the play has been presented.

"Please be careful about any personal remarks" was the closing sentence of the note. The staff feels that the play was written very well, but if some budding George Bernard Shaw attends the Mines, he should not 'waste his sweetness on the desert air'. There is plenty of room in the left hand corner of page two for more names, and perhaps the addition of the critic's name would benefit the whole paper.

(The person who wrote the story on the play read the anonymous note and laughed. She said "Of course, Whosis, we want criticism but the poor sap who wrote that doesn't know how to interpret what he does read, and if I were he instead of spending my time criticizing articles. I would learn to write correct English. His criticism shows he has not learned that the word 'who' can be used in different cases.")

REVELATIONS OF A WILD WOMAN

She had often seen him going to and from school. He used to walk past her with the cutest smile in his eye (he only had one) and a very friendly expression on his Romeo-like face. She wanted very much to meet him but would not let him know it. Things could not go on like this indefinitely so it was just a natural consequence that they should meet.

It was at the Leap Year Dance last February. Her escort was an Idaho boy. She thought this particular boy would be a keen brother, and she told him so. She never has been able to understand why he was insulted. What strange motive impelled her to look around before she gave her final dance away, just to see Him watching her very absorbedly. She immediately found the girl who had taken him, and traded the remaining dance. The time came to dance and they thot they were in heaven. The dance ended too soon, but they knew the orchestra leader, and induced Jan to play encore after encore, other partners, not quite so aptly mated, kicked and the dance was called to a close.

It was strange but they happened to meet very often after that. It is one of her fondest memories to see him come flying down Park Street and for them to meet, exchange a shy greeting, and pass on. She met him one day and he stopped her. She proudly informed him that she had the next day—all of it—off, and he made a date with her.

About two o'clock on the ensuing day, they were sitting very demurely on her porch swing, when he said, "Come, sit over here, it's cold." She replying made answer, "No, I'm very comfortable." He said, "I don't like your position." She: "How would my position change if this swing broke?" He gazed up at the chains that held the swing and prayed for a break. The talk ranged from boy friends to football to themselves and from base ball to profs to themselves, it invariably came back to the one topic of interest to them. She said: Oh, darling, wouldn't it be nice if"— but what she intended to say will never be known, cause just then his side of the swing broke and she landed on his neck. Instead of being a lady and getting herself removed immediately she sat there and howled, saying, "What is my position now?"

The poor Mines Freshie with a heave that would have made Mac delirious with joy, excavated her frame upon the floor of the porch, dusted himself off, and strode down the street, while she sat on the floor and laughed.

"The Reason Why" never came back to her, and now she hates men. (That is she claims she hates men, but I wonder?)

MURL H. GIDEL SPEAKS AT MINES

Mr. Gidel, class of 1912 spoke before Mines students on a subject in which he proved himself well versed; the geology of the Butte district. This subject was an extremely hard one to fully cover in the short time he had to speak, but let it be said to Mr. Gidel's credit, he did a very good job of it. The first part of the lecture was introductory and covered the general geology and rocks of this part of the state. With that as a background the zonal system of mineral deposition was explained with especial emphasis on how it occurs in Butte. Then the faulting of the district was classified and fully described. Mr. Gidel used maps and diagrams extensively in illustrating his points and kept the crowd laughing with humorous anecdotes from his own experience. He had statistics to show that Butte is and has been in the past the most important copper producing district in the world. For instance the copper produced in Butte alone if made into pennies would be some unconceivable amount like 2.28 times 10 to the ninth power. If these pennies were counted by the residents of the City of Butte it is estimated that each person would be pretty busy counting for the next thousand years.

Anything can of course be shown by statistics. We enjoyed Mr. Gidel's lecture very much and hope the others continue as well.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following open competitive examinations:

Associate Physicist, $3,200 a year
Assistant Physicist, $2,600 a year

Applications for associate and assistant physicist must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than January 9.

The examinations are to fill vacancies in the Bureau of Standards and Bureau of Mines, Department of Commerce, and under the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, and in positions requiring similar qualifications in other branches of the service.

The entrance salaries for these positions in the Departmental Service, Washington, D. C., are as indicated above. After the probational period required by the civil-service act and rules advancement in pay will depend upon individual efficiency increased usefulness, and the occurance of vacancies in higher positions. For appointment to the field of service the salaries will be approximately the same.

The optional subjects are (1) heat (2) electricity, (3) mechanics, (4) optics (5) radio, (6) physical metallurgy, (7) thermodynamics and aerodynamics, and (8) any specialized work in the field of physics not included in any of the above.

Competitors will not be required to report for examination at any place, but will be rated on their education and experience, and publications, reports, or thesis to be filed by the applicant.

Full information may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or from the secretary of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or customhouse in any city.

This little paper, the Acropolitan, has probably a more widespread circulation than any other similar school paper in the United States. It has been the policy since its founding to send a copy of each issue to every alumnus. South America, China, Australia, Africa, Poland, etc., these copies find their way carrying to M. S. S. M. engineers in responsible positions all over the globe a contact with the old school. And with you, Mr. Advertiser, may be a feeling that you are advertising only to a group of students, but your advertisement is carried out all over the world to those who have memories of Mines and who hold a good feeling for those who help make our little publication possible.

A HINT

I eat my peas with honey
I have done it all my life;
They do taste kind of funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

Compliments of the
Chequamegon Cafe

In The Leonard Hoist House

A Fantasy

It was during one of my periodic visits to the plants on the Anaconda Hill that I found myself in the engine room of the Leonard mine, just at the moment when every part of the huge hoisting engine was at a complete stand-still. Even the engineer had taken advantage of the temporary lull and was reclining in his improvised chair to snatch a moment's relaxation from his arduous duties. An omnious silence reigned in the room. So still was it that one could have heard the drop of the proverbial pin, had such a thing been handy to let fall.

What I did hear, however, was far more subtle, far more interesting and amusing. It seemed as though by reaching a dead stop, every element of the wonderful engines had come to life, as it were, and had become obsessed by that human foible of seeing its own contribution to a common task in an absurdly exaggerated light.

Presently there penetrated to where I stood, the sounds of a plaintive voice that gained in volume as it reached the climax of its tirade. "Oh, how weary I am" it whined, "of this ceaseless travel, up and down, hundreds of times a day, with never a rest, save a few seconds now and then at long intervals. T'is only on occasions like the present that I find part of myself coiled up on your broad back, long enough to become acquainted with other parts of my slender body."

It was the Hoisting-Rope addressing the drum on which it lay wound. "I wouldn't mind so much," it mused, "if only I did not have to bend and unbend every muscle of my body at each cycle, first in one, then in the other direction, a feat that would soon break the back of anyone or anything. Nor is this all. Often while my nether extremeties are sweltering at the bottom of the shaft, portions of my upper make-up are shivering in the icy blast of a cold winter day. Whatever the season, at all times I am exposed to the caprices of the weather, with utter disregard of my personal comfort."

"And why, pray should I be made to endure these trying hardships, I who virtually do all the work, the mast important work in the whole operation? What could be done without me? Am I not absolutely indispensable? Are not my services of the utmost consequence, involving the greatest risk to life and limb? And yet, what do I get for all of this?"

Then, turning to the drum again: "You who never even rise from your seat nor ever leave the cozy shelter of the engine room, you who do nothing more important than turn around and around and offer me a lift once in a while, you are fondled and petted like a spoiled child. [illegible] the engine wiper comes around every so often to clean your face and keep it bright and shiny. But see what they do to me. If I get a coat of sticky coal-tar now and then, I am lucky. It doesn't even smell good, and should I ever drop some of the stuff on a passer-by he turns around, shakes his fist at me and calls me a dirty rope, or worse."

"Ah well, it has ever been thus," sighed the rope, "gratitude, justice, appreciation are not for the deserving ones. But never mind, some day I'll get my due reward all right. Just watch and see."

"Yes, just watch and see," mocked the Drum with a sneering grimace. "Some day you'll get your reward, indeed. Some day when I shall be doing nothing more important than to turn around and around with a new and younger rope on my back, your carcass will lie on the scrap-heap, torn into a thousand pieces, snarled and frazzled, disfigured by rust beyond recognition. That'll prove how important you were. Every dump on the hill is strewn with shreds of rope, thrown there to get rid of the worthless rubbish. Did you ever see a hoisting drum on the scrap-heap? Well, hardly. We are too precious to be treated that way. It pays to preserve us and to prolong our life by making it pleasant and interesting."

"Perhaps you forget, Mrs. Rope, that were it not for me, you wouldn't last a day. Without those perfect turns and coils with which I wind you up each trip, you would fall to the bottom of the shaft in a shapeless heap, every bone in your body twisted and broken and torn asunder Besides, who is it that pays you out and pulls you up again, gently and tenderly, with infinite care for your comfort and safety? Withal, is not this the most important part of the operation? When you stop to think, it's the whole operation, and what is more, it is I who is doing it."

Just then the brake who had been listening to the conversation with much amusement and who had been aching to put in a word or two, spoke up: "I wouldn't be so sure of my importance, if I were you, it called to the drum, "Tell me where would you be if I didn't hold you tight and rigid, always at the proper moment and in the right position? Moreover, who is it that keeps you from running away and thereby causing endless harm to other members of the family, to say nothing of the disaster to yourself? Why, it's I of course. And you know it.

"Surely you haven't forgotten how that brotherdrum of yours came to grief at the old Leonard, not so very long ago. How the brake, failing to grip it just at the proper moment, allowed it to race into space with ever increasing speed until that fiend—I think they call it the centrifugal force—caused it to fly to pieces, tear through the roof of the building and land on the dump to join those worthless shreds of rope you harp so much about. If you continue bragging like this, I may take a notion to do as did that other brake, and let you soar into eternity, alias scrap heap, where lie the remains of your despised partners. That will teach you a lesson and will remind you that the Brake is the thing par excellence, the most vital factor in the whole operation. That's what it is, and—"

"Hold on there," came from another quarter of the engine.

"You don't know what you are talking about," remonstrated the "Lilly Hoist Controller." "Who would place reliance on anything so clumsy and lumbering as a brake? Who would trust it to grip and let go just at the critical moment? Don't I have to watch you eternally with my eagle eye and give you a knock-out every time you forget your cue to come in? If it weren't for me it would never be safe to step into this building. The whole shebang might go to pieces most any moment, were it left to you to keep the drum from overspeeding and from running rope and cage into the sheaves. I may be small of stature, but I am the brains of the whole plant. Without me, the whole thing simply couldn't be done. In other words, it is I who is doing it."

"What about the Indicator," was the poignant remark that suddenly cut short the controller's harangue. "I have been running this thing long before you were ever dreamt of. Unless the engineer actually goes to sleep—and what engineer would ever do this—he can at any instant read on my dial the exact position of the cage in the shaft, can shut off the power and apply the brakes when most needed. Besides, you must admit that without the Indicator he could never tell when to stop to take or deliver a load at a particular level. You could not tell him. Could you? For what does a controller know about levels? Absolutely nothing. It's the Indicator who does the business. The entire operation depends on him, which is the same as to say, that the Indicator does it all."

Long before the debate had reached this stage of the controversy, there could be heard a hissing noise that came from the region of the cylinders. The pent-up air, while listening to this braggadocio, had lost all control over its indignation and had gathered such pressure as to force an escape from its prison.

"The idea," it roared, "of any of you imagine that he could do even a portion of this important work without the energy supplied by me. Don't you know that the Compressed Air is the power behind it all; that without it not one of you could budge an inch; that all of you would remain in this state of idleness for ever and ever, utterly helpless, utterly useless? It is simply preposterous to hear you boasting as though you were running this affair, when as a matter of fact, it is I who is doing it. I, the Compressed Air, the very soul of this mechanism, the only live thing among a hideous mass of inert matter."

To emphasize the force of its argument it gave a sudden puff that made every part of the engine rattle for a moment like the bones of a monster-skeleton.

Then all was still again.

Presently a little piping voice issued from the toolshelve in the corner of the engine room: "After all," chirped the monkey wrench, "you have nothing on me, you big drum, you lumbering brake, you high-brow controller, and all the rest of you. Where would you be if I didn't tighten you up every day, and clinch the thousand and one bolts and nuts that hold you together? Yes, where would you be? Why, you would fall to pieces before the day was over. Even that wonderful air, the soul of the engine, would leak off bit by bit, and evaporate into nothingness, if I did not stop all leaks as soon as sprung."

"Whatever you may think or say, the Monkey-Wrench is the soldier behind the gun, the guiding spirit, so to speak. No hoisting engine could be run without it. It's the Monkey-Wrench, in the last analysis that does the hoisting. There now."

This was the straw that broke the camel's back. The camel in this case being the Signal Gong who up to now had proudly disdained to take part in the controversy of so insignificant members of the plant as the rope, the drum, the brake and the rest of them, conscious of its supreme authority to put an instant stop to all this banter by a single stroke of its sonorous bell.

Suddenly the engine room reverberated with the clear tones of that powerful gong: "Ding-ding-ding" it called in quick succession. Then a short pause, followed by other rings.

The engineer sprang to his feet and seized the levers. Before the last sound of the bell had died away, the discordant voices had been hushed. Every part of the engine had humbly resumed its assigned duties in the complex mechanism, forgetting for the time being any imagined supremacy over other members of that engine.

The snappy click of the clutches, the squeaking of the brakes, the puffing and sputtering of the compressed air, and the hum of the revolving drums followed me as I passed out of the engine room. When the car that bore me back to the city, rounded the fence enclosing the Leonard mine, the familiar clatter of the rock striking the ore chutes, came vibrating from the top of the tall gallows frame, announcing that peace and harmony reigned again among the members of that mighty hoisting plant.

Finis.

Butte, Mont., November 12, 1928.

Theodore Simons.

THE MUCKPILE

It is rumored that Art Johnson writes all of his love letters with invisible ink so that he won't blush when he sees what he has written.

Mrs. Johnny Blixt was in town on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday of Thanksgiving week; as a result no school was held on those days.

We regret that there was a mistake in the write up of the school play as given in the last issue. There were only four ladies on the island with one skirt. At that it's a lot better than if they had had no skirt at all.

To hell with you, Corry; the editor says I can say anything I wish about you.

Corry and McCarthy were up to something which was going to get into the papers except that they had something on the editors. We wish to state that the editors of this paper are not corruptible.

New members for our local hall of fame:
Englehardt—most studious.
Hopkins—noisest.
Pa Shrock—biggest shiek.

Ignatz with the sensitive soul says that some of our professors should take a course in English. He hates to hear their errors in pronunciation and diction.

Johnny Groh evidently pulled a whizzer on the boys with the last dance. Most of the dancing club was in the dark, too, but if everyone had a good time we should worry what means was taken to furnish it.

This column is always open to criticism but when they say it isn't long enough I'm resigning. Value is equal to ability minus supervision—Mr. McQuaid.

The latest experiment for the Juniors to pull is to set up a rigging to test the earth's rotation. It cost Eddie Hicks two smokes to learn the value of an engineering education. Thanks, Eddie.

We have learned that our August editor and one of our leading freshmen stepped out to a bridge party at the home of one of our frosh co-eds. The lady showed her superior ability by winning the freshman's tie. It seems lucky that they didn't play poker.

Most of our out-of-town students were entertained at the homes of various members of the faculty for Thanksgiving dinner. Votes will be taken in the near future in an effort to determine the best cooks.

We have been subjected, to some extent, to an inoculation with a serum of lecturitis. Lecturitis is a very dread disease to young college students and, in an endeavor to find a cure, the Dr. has decided to use us in an experimental way. The operation was successful but the patient died.

Nevertheless some of them have been very interesting and all of them have been instructive. Let's all spend next winter at the North Pole—Florida and California are so common!

"Just as soon as you are ready, Mr. Perry."

Dr. Perry is going to get the school to invest in a new map. Just think, all of these years he has thought that the Arctic was a big place.

Not to change the subject or anything but it has come to our attention that some real mathematicians are being developed in the Sophomore calculus class. A new theory has been derived by the erstwhile student professor, namely Prof. L. R. Matlock. His theorem is as follows:—1 times 1 equals 2. Anyone wishing to have this discussed and fully explained may make an appointment with Prof. Matlock's secretary.

We truly wish we could believe that all of the co-eds were back of those appeals for help that were published in our last issue, but it is rather hard to think of twenty-four girls that hard up.

The authors are advised to read some of the old masters—Thackeray, Dumas, Fielding, Dickens, and others of the amorous school—not to mention Scott Fitzgerald and we moderns.

Our first advice to the co-eds would be to wait until after Christmas. You can't expect even a miner to get a new girl just in time to blow a lot of money on a present.

Arizona has nothing on us. It was in all the papers when a horned toad was reported found in a rock. Mr. Gidel states that we have found a turtle one thousand feet below the surface. The only trouble is that our turtle is dead.

The copper taken out of Butte would make about one-third of the stills now being used in the production of moon. The fact that some of the copper has been put to other uses may be explained by the fact that a very few of the stills are made of copper.

Of course I can trust my bootlegger. The stuff he sells is brought in from Canada every day. The truck comes from Meaderville.

Another blow for the co-eds: Johnny Grant was seen with a D. T. G. on Sunday evening. (D. T. G. —down town girl.)

Word has come frfom the windy city that the famous Greentree is again among those present. He will be back to school next year.

At that some of the co-eds do not seem to be at a loss for dates. Clara and Mary, for instance, recognize the fact that leap year will soon be spent. Now all the rest of the co-eds should take the hint and beat them to it—don't let another marksman bring down he bird you're aiming for.

For Mr. Corry's benefit: At a meeting of the staff of the Acropolitan it was decided to refuse his munificent offer of one dollar ($1.00) for this entire issue. We again repeat we are incorruptible and wish to encourage Mr. Brunner in his unusually successful efforts in delving into Mr. Corry's lurid past.

Adios, amigos!

BASKETBALL

With the closing of the football season at the M. S. S. M., varsity basketball practice has started in earnest. Prior to the formal call for candidates, which was issued on Nov. 26, by Coach McAuliffe, the class tournament was played. The sophomores were victorious in this contest, winning only after taking two of three hotly contested games with their traditional enemies, the Frosh.

Twenty men responded to the call for candidates. Plans and rules were discussed at the initial meeting and actual practice began in earnest Nov. 27.

Of last year's crack team, only two regulars are back, Kiely, center, and L. Matlock, guard. Sigler, a three year letter man, who did not play last year, is out again.

Although not as many experienced men reported this year as last year, when seven letter men returned, Coach McAuliffe is very optimistic about the basketball outlook. With a wealth of promising new material, the Mines' team should compare favorably with that of last year.

A basketball schedule is now being arranged. At the present time all games are tentative except two with the Montana Sate Bobcats, in Bozeman, Dec. 27, and here Feb. 2. Efforts are being made to arrange games with the Eastern Montana Normal and Billings Polytechnic Institute in Billings, Dec. 28 and 29. If these games are scheduled, return games will be played in Butte later. In addition to these games, one or two more will probably be arranged with each of the following teams: University of Montana, Mt. St. Charles, Montana State Normal (Dillon) Intermountain Union, University of Idaho (southern branch), Weber College, Brigham Young University and the Utah Aggies.

BOBCATS TO PLAY NATIONAL A.A. U. CHAMPS IN MINES GYM

School of Mines students are to have a treat when the Bobcats tangle with the basketball team sponsored by the Cooke Paint Co., of Kansas City in Butte on Saturday night, January 12. This should be an interesting game since the Painters last year were National A. A. U. Champs. while the Bobcats were considered as one of the best five's in the United States.

According to the dope, the Cooke five this year is composed of the same men which last year won the championship. Practically every man on the team has been picked as an All-American basketball player at some time or other. Some of them have won fame in collegiate ball while others have played with famous A. A. U. teams.

The Bobcats wonder team of last year is practically intact with the exception of the unfortunate loss of Worden.

Last year they were champions of the Rocky Mountain Conference, and also defeated a number of outstanding teams. In their starts this year they have piled up big leads against their opponents which may be taken as an indication that they will again play the high class ball for which they became famous last year.

JEST NO USE TRYIN'

By Snowshoe Al*

He wuz a old prospector, hoo had spent too meny yeers amung tha sun-baked hills. He looked as if him and Lady Luck wuz strangers.

"Dad," sez I, "I bet yew sure know tha desert."

"Dam rite," sez he. "I looked fer gold an' found it—not much, because I never wurked very hard—jist took things easy—in fact sum people wood call me lazy."

"Yeh?" sez I.

"Yup," sez he, "but if I wanted tuh work my hed off, I kood uv maid several millyun dollers wun yeer."

"How kum?" sez I.

"Well," sez he, "I know sumthin about geeoligy, an' I located a vein uv gold wich I figger wuz 18 inches deep, 6 feet wide an' run at least a mile back inter tha hills."

"Did yuh wurk it?" sez I.

"Never even swung a pick in its direckshun," sez he, "altho it wuz only 12 feet below tha surface."

"How cum yuh didn't bother it?" sez I.

"Because," sez he, "it wuz to dam hard tuh reech," sez he. I found out that I'd have tuh go down thru a 8-foot vein uv solid silver tuh get it, so I sez, tuh hell with it."

*From Salt Lake Mining Review.

Quo Vadis.

A professor, coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest him, he angrily inquired:

"Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied the student, "But I strongly suspect his parents."

POETRY

(All contributions to this column will be gratefully accepted.)

TIME

T'was the night before pay day
And all through my jeans,
I hunted in vain
For the price of some beans.
Not a quarter was there,
Not even a "jit";
The kale was off duty,
Milled edges had quit.
Forward, turn upwards
Oh time in thy flight—
Make it tomorrow,
Just for tonight.

A COLLEGE ROLLS-ROUGH

Quite a boat is the college can;
No one would own it, but a college man.
It rolls, it pounds, it rattles and shakes,
It hasn't a top and is minus brakes.
Gone is the purr of the motor of old,
Now it's a jumble of noise untold.
The polish that once like a new dime shone,
Now looks like that of an old dry bone.
Its hood so shiny and pierced with vents,
Is now all dull and full of dents.
All of the bolts now rattle and croak,
And give ample proof that they're almost broke.
The springs and framework bang and crack,
To hit a bump is to break one's back.
The tires are old and always soft,
It's a whole day's work to keep them aloft.
The cushions are worn, and the springs are through,
The padding is scarce and the tacks are few.
It has no horn, but it doesn't need one—
When it takes the street all the others run
The paint is weak and completely worn,
But a lot o' wisecracks its sides adorn.
When our heap goes by
They laugh till they cry.
But when Sunday's here,
With its lack of cheer,
Where'll we go and how come back?
The can takes us there. It's some hack,
SOME HACK!

I wish I were a little rock,
A sitting on a hill,
A doing nothing, all day long,
But just a sitting still;
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep
I wouldn't even wash,
I'd sit and sit a thousand years,
And rest myself b'Gosh.

I am hungering in the city for smell of rain-wet timber
For the valleys where the birch bark smoke goes curling thruogh the trees.
For the lazy miles of lake shore where the blue waves kiss the pebbles
In the land of sky-blue waters, up beyond that inland seas.

A CALENDAR OF ROMANCE

Our hero was the common sort,
When all was said and done,
He worked his head off daily
And was out to get the Mon.
The reason for his diligence
Was commonplace, 'tis true,
He tried to swell his salary
So it would suffice for TUE.
And maybe that's the reason
Why one day he lost his head,
And, falling on his knees, he cried,
"Oh, maiden, wilt thou WED.
He may have thought this sudden
But it seemed not so to her.
She slipped a quick acceptance
And said forcefully, "Yes, THUR."
But when they went to keeping house
He feared that he would die.
For O! that modern maiden
Could neither bake nor FRI.
She could not run a bungalow
Or even run a flat,
So on many sad occasions
In a restaurant they SAT.
But he forgave her willingly
As man has always done
When she presented him one day
A bouncing baby SUN.

HURT

I spoke and he would not answer
I asked him and he refused.
The beautiful white of the drifts of snow
Grew black before me as I mused
And gilded glints of angry thoughts
Beset my widened eye
The hot blood burned my trembling cheek
When I thought of his reply
So cool with his outward courtesy,
Polite refusal. Oh, how could he?
The darkness hid our two young hearts
As we rode through the youthful night
My anguish mounted pace by pace
To a frightening, dizzy height
I did not expect him to leave me so
I am hurt. Doesn't he know?

—Naomi G. Sternheim.

JUST ONE

How can it be that I love so many well
When lovers that we read of love but few
And famous poets often write to tell
That they love just one truly, maybe two.
And all my loves have hurt me;
Is that proof that they are true?
I vow I will not care enough
For any, old or new—
Until another comes along
And I have but to look and hear his song.
I would have surcease from them all
Far from each glance or loving call
Oh, am I selfish when I say
I hope there'll be just one for me some day!

NON-STOP

Willy thought it would be nice for him
To run his dad's machine
He took the car one day last spring
His grave's the cutest little thing.

YOU AND I

A fool there was and he saved his rocks,
Even as you and I;
But he took them out of the old strong box,
When a salesman called with some wild cat stocks,
And the fool was stripped to his shirt and socks,
Even as you and I.

IN MEMORIAM

Engineers Ballad
To My Departed Slide Rule

Fools may sing of hearts and love
And eyes and cheeks and hair,
Write sonnets to a woman's glove,
And swear her wondrous fair,
Bah! She's an artificial thing,
All powder, paint, and lipstick,
But listen to the song I sing,
And Hail! My love, the slip-stick.

Women are babbling all the time
Of dates, and drinks, and dresses,
Which wouldn't help at all when I'm
Computing torques and stresses.
It conquers without fear or doubt
Whole hosts of sines and surds,
And helps me work in peace without
An avalanche of words.

Slide-rules are always accurate,
Women never so;
And tho' they're not affectionate
They never answer "No!"
So hence with women's wanton ways,
With eyebrows, lips, and curls;
My little log-log polyphase
Is worth a dozen girls.

Cornell Widow.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following open competitive examinations:

Junior Chemist.

Applications for junior chemist must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than February 5.

The examination is to fill vacancies in the Federal classified service throughout the United States, including the Departmental Service at Washington, D. C.

The entrance salary in the District of Columbia is $2,000 a year. After the probational period required by the civil service act and rules advancement in pay depends upon individual efficiency, increased usefulness and the occurance of vacancies in higher positions. For appointment outside of Washington, D. C., the salary will be approximately the same.

The optional subjects are advanced inorganic chemistry, analytical chemistry, organic chemistry and physical chemistry.

Competitors will be rated on general chemistry and elementary physics, and the optional subject selected.

Full information may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or from the secretary of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or customhouse in any city.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following open competitive examinations:

Physical chemist (qualified in ferrous metallurgy), $3,800 a year.

....Associate Physical chemist (qualified in ferrous metallurgy), $3,200 a year.

Applications for the above named positions must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than January 16.

The examinations are to fill vacancies in the Bureau of Mines, Department of Commerce, for duty in Washington, D. C., or in the field.

The entrance salaries for these positions in the Departmental Service, Washington, D. C., are as indicated above. Higher-salaried positions are filled thru promotion. For appointment outside of Washington, D. C., the salary will be approximately the same.

Competitors will not be required to report for examination at any place, but will be rated on their education, training, and experience, and publications, reports, or thesis to be filed by the applicant.

Full information may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or from the secretary of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or customhouse in any city.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following open competitive examination:

Junior Engineer.

Application for junior engineer must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than January 22.

The examnation is to fill vacancies in various branches of the service throughout the United States.

The entrance salaries for positions in Washington, D. C., is $2,000 a year. For appointment outside of Washington, D. C., the salary will be approximately the same. Higher-salaried positions are filled through promotion.

The optional subjects are (1) aeronautical engineering, (2) agricultural engineering, (3) chemical engineering, (4) civil enineering, (5) electrical engineering, (6) mechanical engineering, (8) naval architecture and marine engineering, and (9) structural steel and concrete engineering.

The duties are to perform routine testing, inspection of engineering material, drawing up plans for minor projects, preparing specifications for engineering material or apparatus, performing field work making computations, preparing maps, assisting in conduct of experimental research tests, compiling reports, and handling technical correspondence.

Competitors will be rated on general physics, mathematics, general engineering, and the optional subject chosen from those named above.

Senior students will be admitted to the examination.

Full information may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or from the secretary of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or customhouse in any city.

First Aid Instructor: What would you do if a man was pale, sweating profusely, unconscious, bleeding from the mouth, eyes and ears, and had a fractured skull and arms?

Student: I'd bury him.

A gentleman is a guy who can talk to a chorus girl in her "costume" and say what he is thinking.

A farmer friend of ours who has taken up golf says it is a little harder than hoeing corn and a little easier than digging potatoes.

Girls, Here's the Low Down

Hubby: "Marriage is like a mouse-trap; easy to get into and hard to get out of."

Wifey: "And some husbands are like a piece of cheese."

How About It?

Teacher: "Johnny, I'm only punishing you because I love you."

Johnny: "I wish I was big enough to return my love."

Let Well Enough Alone.

Hans: "Now I want to show you how to change gears."

Winnie: "Oh, darling, lets not change them—they are just right as they are."

The Sorrows of Sport.

"What I don't understand about this game of golf," said Prof. Adami, "Is why some people play it when it makes them so darn mad."

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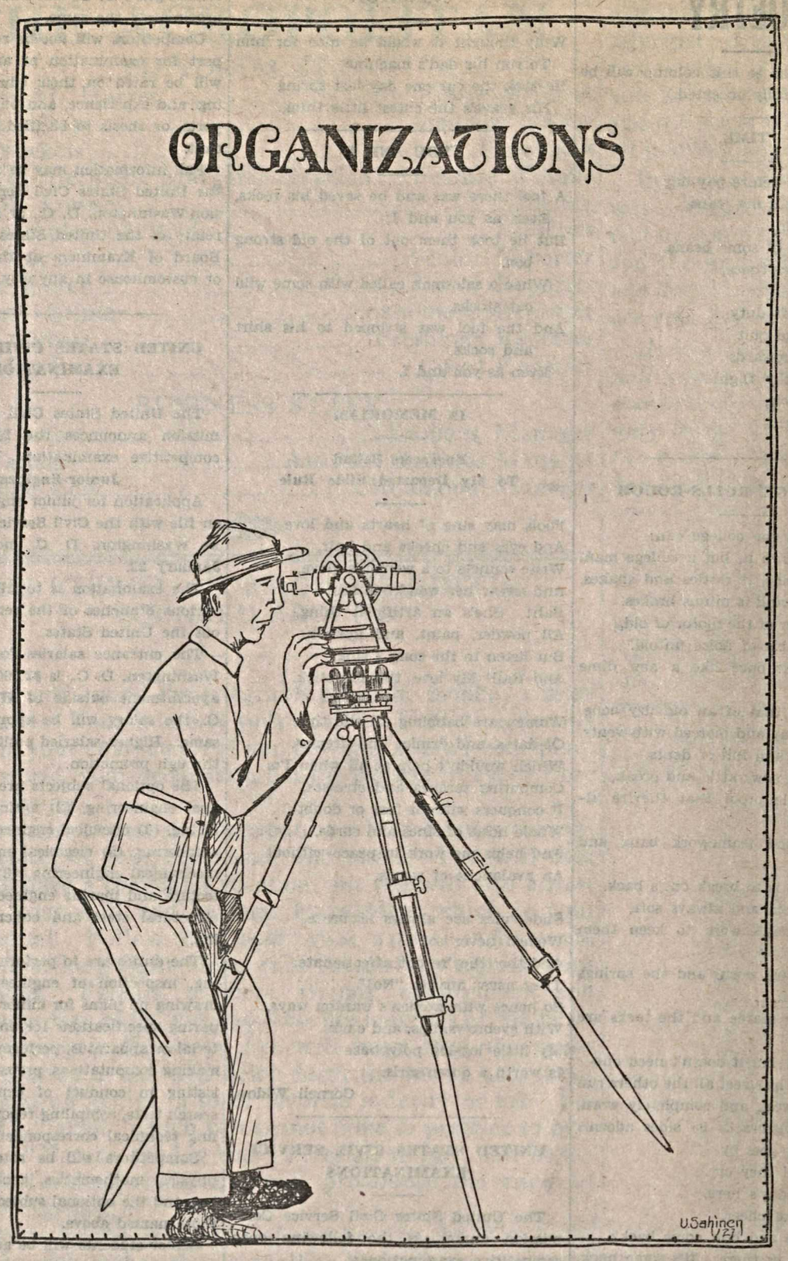

ALUMNI NOTES

H. Duke Sultzer, class of 1911, who was efficiency engineer for the A. C. M. is now with the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., at Detroit, Mich.

Abe Engel, president of the class of 1919, who has been in Mexico, is now visiting his parents in this city.

A. S. Wren, class of 1908, is consulting engineer at Vancouver, B. C. He is also looking after the Radi-Ore process of electrical prospecting for British Columbia and the northwest.

J. G. Wilson, class of 1923, visited in Butte last month and recently left to examine properties in Idaho and Utah.

John F. Dugan, class of 1906, has been made foreman of the Orphan Girl Mine, for the A. C. M. He was assistant foreman of the Emma.

John Norton, class of 1917, formerly foreman of the Diamond mine is now foreman of the Belmont.

Ed Rounard, class of 1920, is acting foreman of the Mountain Con mine.

James R. Evans, who spoke at the school recently, left several days after his talk for Colorado and Missouri where he looked after some property. He told Mr. Adami he would sail for the Belgian Congo immediately after election day—that he wanted to see who was elected before he left.

Frank Foote, class of 1908, is en route home, expecting to reach here in early spring. He has been in the Belgian Congo for nine years.

Peter Aline, class of 1915, who was general foreman of the Electrolytic Zinc plant for the A. C. M. at Great Falls, is now temporarily located in Italy. Mr. Aline is on a year's leave of absence, and has charge of a 50 ton Electroyltic Zinc plant over there.

Theodore Pilger, class of 1912, a member of the American Trade Commission, Foreign Service Division, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce who worked under Hoover in Berlin for some time, is now associated with the Foreign Bond Buying Department of the National City Company, New York. He writes Mr. Adami that Charles H. Bowman, former president of the Mines is also in New York, with the Stone-Webster Engineering Company.

C. C. Goddard, class of 1927, left recently with his family for Cerro de Pasco Peru.

"Heinie" Hinrichson, of last year's class is also in Peru for the Braden Copper Co.

Charles F. Foote, class of 1928, is sampling at the Mountain Con here.

Eugene Boyce, '28 is in the Chemistry lab. of the Anaconda Smelter.

Herbert Wendell, class of '27, is sampling at the Leonard mine.

L. V. Bender, class of 1903, is general superintendent of the Anaconda Reduction works.

Edward Courtney, class of 1919 is mining engineer for the A. C. M. Co.

Arthur E. DeCelles, class of 1924 is in the geological department of the A. C. M. Co.

Fred P. Gaethke, 1917, is manager of mines for the A. C. M. Co. in Poland.

Murl H. Gidel, 1912, is geologist for the A. C. M. Co.

Ettore Giovannetti, 1912 is instructor in mathematics at the Butte Business College.

Alex McDonald is in he geological department of the A. C. M. Co.

Steve Giulio, class of 1924, is superintendent of the Liberty mine near Jefferson, Montana.

Walter L. McGonigle, class of 1922 is shift boss at the Leonard mine here.

Wallace O'Brien, '23 is a mining engineer for the A. C. M. Co.

Keep in touch with your Alma Mater.

SENIOR NOTES

Due to the terrible punishment meted out to the exhausted senior class by the "Inquisition", the class has utterly no news to impart to an awaiting world. The class reporter has long since passed over the great divide; alas, such is the fate of residence in "the city of whispers", (Anaconda) where they don't bury their dead but keep them walking.

JUNIOR NOTES

The last meeting of the Junior class was held on Nov. 21, at which time Linford Torrey presented his resignation as Business Manager for the Annual and as Vice-president of the class. John Blixt, stalwart herring choker, was nominated and unanimously elected to succeed him in both positions. Mr. Blixt has already demonstrated his ability as Business Manager by securing a better contract for the work on the Annual and it is hoped that his extensive holdings in Bozeman will not prevent the good work from continuing. The resignation of Mr. Torrey came as a result of his leaving school for parts unknown (the Original Mine).

Louis B. P. Nuckols has been appointed chairman of the Junior Ball committee He promises something new this year.

Prof. Adami has Herb Hard assisting him with his office work after school hours.

From a firebug to a butler is the outstanding achievement of "Wild Bill' Hintalla within the past month. He is our leading actor—not bad, either.

Some of the Juniors have decided to confer the degree of Doctor on Prof. Scott. They feel that he has carried the little black bag long enough to merit this reward, at least.

Several of the old gang armed with both heavy and light artillery journeyed out in the vicinity of Buxton last Sunday in quest of jack rabbits and other large and dangerous game. The luck was good with many of the largest and ferocious types being bagged without injury to any of the party. Only one hand encounter was reported.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

At last the long awaited event has come to pass. The Sophomore Hop—that dance of dances—has startled the School of Mines with its brilliance. The Soph dance is usually held in January but this year the Sophomores decided that something had to be done about a pre-holiday festivity; hence the struggle Wednesday night.

The jig was, of course, in the Engineering Hall, which was suitably decorated with Christmas colors—real decorations you know, not just a couple of strings of crepe paper! Jan Rich's musicians made music which caused even the staid professors' feet to keep time. The programs were the most original and clever ever used at a Mines dance. Everyone who is anyone had a dance in his honor, even our president, whose initials are so intriguing. We hereby tender our most hearty congrats to the committees who organized the dance. They included Patrick Alsop, Beth Brinton, Howard Hill, Joe Pauline, Ambrose Shea, Bessie Wallace, Fat Matlock, Margaret Kelly, Viv. Quinn, Allan Englehardt, Florentine Eno and McFarland and McCourt in the check room.

Our president is the most efficient in the school. If two or three Sophs attend a meeting—or if the whole class is there, it's all the same to him. A majority vote means nothing at all, because he usually decides everything anyhow. We think he deserves a great deal of credit for doing the thinking for the whole class.

The Sophomore girls are beginning to wonder when the Frosh girls are going to stand them to a treat. Seems like we haven't any authority at all. Our sternest commands are utterly ignored, our dirtiest looks are as if they had never been. We here and now rare back on our dignity and demand that these incorrigibles get together and make some plans for feeding us. Considering the average appetite of the Soph girls they had better do some tall planning.

We'll bet Miss Hubbard is glad she won't have to spend half her days asking the Sophomores who insist on holding their bull sessions in the library, to keep still. We think we are the only class in the school with any pep. The Frosh are still a little awed, the Juniors are so dumb they do everything they're told and the Seniors have long since lost any desire to be human.

Blessed are the peace makers—we forget just exactly just what they get—but anyhow, we deserve all that and a lot more. Behold the happy reunion of Agnes and Fat, due to the efforts of two big-hearted and obliging friends. And another thing, we feel that Fat should not be allowed into the Chem. Lab. when the Frosh are there. Their mental facilities, never very strong, are completely upset by this dominating personality holding forth from a desk.

Pomes of Pashun.

There was a young lady took Chemistry;
She went quite mad studying foolishly;
One day this young fiend,
Killed the class with Chlorine,
And now thru prison bars she grins ghoulishly.

FROSH NOTES

This is the merry month of Christmas, the month giving and forgiving. Such is the spirit of the Freshman class toward the big world. Christmas spirit does not mean merely vacation minus books and "teachers' ugly looks"; as it seems to have stimulated and pepped up our classes rather than caused the usual slump toward the holidays.

Most of the Frosh students at the present date are showing great improvement of interest and intense study because they are far sighted enough to realize how uncomfortable it would be to have to seek another harbor of education in the middle of the year. It is evidently a natural characteristic for some students to unintentionally and perhaps conveniently fail to put their best ability into their studies at the first of the year; however, it is consoling to know that mos of such persons traditionally and invariably awaken to the call of their self respect and their original lofty resolutions, coming forth with a suddenly increased cargo of conscious effort which is a source of great satisfaction to the instructors who have spent several months in making hitherto futile attempts to intoxicate their charges with the necessary interest. If there are any despairing wayfarers who have given up hope because some previous E or F has been too much for them let them not forget that failure and despair belong to the same family. There may be a ltle hope but if there is any desire to get over the wall the only way it can possibly be done is to try intelligently. "Where there's life there's hope"

Everybody craves publicity and fame. To be mentioned favorably or not so favorably in the midst of a crowd and to bring forth slaps on the back and "atta-boys" or most any exclamation appropriate to the occasion, is the height of joy to some persons, lonely souls. Even to be told in class by a professor, as——— was, that you are solid from the shoulders up is very flattering to some. To be the only one in the class who has the privilege of being publicly acclaimed mentally solid means a lot when one stops to consider that he has gained more of the same quality that most Freshmen and possibly other students have.

One of our foremost geniuses, the young Mr. S., has recently decided to differentiate himself from the common herd by allowing his hair to grow to a great length thus making him as an exclusive and eccentric man of letters.

It would be highly approved by a certain Frosh engineer if the School of Mines could prohibit all courses which did not deal absolutely with facts, moreover he would surely advise the establishment of a special class in logic. Everybody has at least one weakness and his is facts.

The Freshman chemistry lab. period is losing its dignity as is evidenced by the tendency of many of the students to make the time more interesting helping Mr. S. with his experiments; he has finally condescended to retreat to a quiet neighborhood on the ladies' side. Speaking of ladies reminds us of the intense ardor with which certain ones conduct affairs with them by writing long and flowery notes. We could hardly say that the spirit of Cupid has hit anyone but at least things are waking up in the land of romance.

The Freshman picture was taken several days ago, after a number of gallant attempts on the part of the photographer and those in charge of the Annual to corral at least enough Freshmen to make a fair picture. Alas, the Frosh students are a modest group besides being a class of scholars; persons absorbed in such things can never be bothered with the triviality of having a picture taken.

CO-ED NOTES

The co-eds are, as our slanguage has it, all hot and bothered. Of course, we don't expect the he-men miners to know the causes thereof, because the co-ed room (modern vrsion) is "no man's land," and they would have to enter it to find the cause of this feminine agitation. However, if the miners desire to see a fairy land after their days of toil, the co-ed room will give them their first treat in that line. The agitation, of course, is caused by the lovely new lamp which was given the club by Prof. and Mrs. Perry and Mr. Brownfield (of Brownfield-Canty). The co-eds are very proud of this addition to the furnishings of their room, and extend their thanks to the donors.

And by the way, Denny had to spend half a day in the sanctum sanctorum installing the plug without which the lamp is useless, and he reported afterward that he would probably have to see an ear-doctor very soon. Never mind, Denny, we're so used to dirty cracks that they just roll right off.

The Wednesday luncheon here continued to hold the most prominent place with the co-eds. On the 12th of December, the "banquet" was in honor of Miss Hubbard. The next luncheon was Friday, the 21st and the feature of it was the exchanging of Christmas gifts among the co-eds. This is undoubtedly a new feature of the co-ed life, which rather surprised the older members, but immediately took their fancy.

The Club is exceedingly proud of its actresses—those who took part in the production of the School of Mines' first play, "The Adorable Crichton." The girls who participated in this event were Jean Siderfin Corry, Pearl Hirsh, Margaret Helehan, Leah Torrey, Bessie Ellis, as well as Bessie Wallace and Margaret Kelly who acted as chief "go-getters" for the property committee.

And of course, let us not forget to wish all and sundry, miners and all, the old, old greeting—Merry Christmas (may Santa be good to you) and a Happy New Year (may you make a lot of good resolutions—and not break'em before school starts, at least.)

Post scriptum—nota bene, et cetera: Speaking of agitation in the co-ed room, it might be well to mention a few facts. One is—none of the so-called "kittenish" co-eds need any Want Ad Column for any men. In the first place, the miners are not worth all that effort, and in the second place—oh, well, one place is enough.

Possibly some of you may remember a protest against the unfeeling miners, which appeared in the last Acropolitan. The writer of that "protest",ever since the issuing of the paper has been more protested against than protesting—by reason of thefact that the co-eds in a body have informed her that such was very emphatically not their opinion. Well, you know the good old saying, "don't believe everything you see in the papers"—is still holds true. Also there is one about an ill wind blowing no one good—that breeze certainly blew up a lot of comment and incidentally a good bit of Acropolitan copy for a few issues to come!

Force of Habit.

First Co-ed: "Liz went to the track yesterday to bet on the horses."

Second Cat: "How did she make out?"

First C: "She got the plugs mixed, as usual."

Woof! Woof!

"Say, gimme a pound of dog meat an' make it good. The last I got here, made my room mate sick."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT YE COLLEGE PROFS.

The reactions of the college Freshman are manifest and manifold but all, I believe, revert to the feeling of freedom and liberation which the new position and status inspires within the blossoming minds of young people. It is quite apparently ofolish to expect marvels of transformation to occur during the few weeks of vacation after graduation from high school and entrance into college. It is equally stupid on the other hand to look upon the college Freshman as a child and to treat him as the high school student (though he too should not be) is treated in our high schools of today. I think it can be taken for granted that the great majority of young people entering college do realize the responsibilities which assuming the vestments of a grown-up does devolve upon him. Presuming he does realize this he will not forget it. The feeling of maturity will guide him in the confusing state of transition n which he finds himself hopelessly involved.

No one, it seems to me, can do more harm or more good than the college professor in his handling of young folks in this stage of life. There is little lasting harm in the very strict instructor, even though he may leave an enduring impression upon the minds. In such a case the student who can hold his own will be so much the better for the experience. It may be temporarily unpleasant but often is not even that. It is not the strictness that hurts the formulating ideas and conceptions of the young student. It is that peculiar form of unfairness characteristic of some college professors which does more damage than any other influence in a students life. It is that form of unconscious and conscious belittling of the students that bewilders and discourages many sensitive people into gradual failure. It is the stubborn persistance of some of the older men and women of refusing to recognize youthful opinions and to consider fairly new expressions of ideas. It is the fostering of what perhaps the modernist would call an "inferiority complex". Many would scoff at the mere suggestion that there are thousands of such cases among young students at today. These same scoffers would no doubt claim that the attitude of the most of the young upstarts is completely and entirely the opposite. Therein lies the second mistake that such a person makes. It is the very feeling of being crushed and overwhelmed that draws out in self protection an armor of bluster, a covering of the "know it all", a "superiority complex" if you will. It is, then, the fault of this influence of personality or system which will not understand, that is responsible for the disagreeable characteristics apparent in numbers of the much criticized college student. What we need in today's institutions of higher learning is the infinite more humanitarian professors who, while they do not withdraw suddenly and completely the guiding hand to which the student fresh from high school is accustomed and still needs in a measure, will still sincerely respect the budding ideas of the young man and young woman which crave warmth and food, not exposure and deprivation, for their fulfillment.

MONTANA SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS MEETS AT MINES

(Continued from Page 1.)

wide between two great faults, each of which shows a displacement of about three thousand feet.

In each case the west side has been thrust up with reference to the east side.

Origin of Cave.

The geologic history of Morrisson Cave is a little more difficult to decipher than most caves, because of the complexity of associated events. First there was much folding and faulting of the rock strata in late Cretaceous time during the development of the Rocky Mountains. Following this there was widespread erosion, and the upfold and upfaulted mountains were smoothed off into a more less rolling topography. Many minor events took place among which were volcanic eruptions with their accompanying lava flow. Later on there followed renewed uplift. However, this time the strata were not crumpled into folds but the surface and ground water sought a deeper level.

The particular position of the limestone strata, where Morrisson Cave is now located, with reference to the rapidly lowering stream level, was such that ground water followed channel ways along the bedding planes of the dipping strata. This Mississipian limestone, being of the particularly soluble type developed neat openings by solution along the small channels, The openings of Morrisson Cave should not continue below the present ground-water level of the Jefferson Valley.

Development Cave Forms.

Following the opening of the small fissures into wide open spaces, and the development of underground rooms through which there was an air circulation, there came slow drips of lime saturated water from crevices in the roof. The exposure of these drops of water to the air resulted in evaporation together with a loss of dissolved carbon monoxide. The lime content of the water was precipitated. The fanciful slopes and odd forms show the direction and course of water movement, and the results of the forces of crystallization.

The cave formations of Morrisson Cave are not particularly different from those of the other great caverns of North America. Nevertheless they are equally as beautiful and fantastic. Perhaps the fluting of the pillars (stalagmites) is most remarkable. Next to the great abundance of the delicate, wandering, whimsical, icicle-like stalatites, branching at times, with many interlacing finger like prongs, attracts the attention of those familiar with similar phenomena.

During the summer of 1928, largely because of the new highway being built through Jefferson canyon, renewed interest hase been developed in Morrisson Cave The highway woll pass within less than a mile of the cave and this National Park will then become easily accessible by automobile.

No Tears.

Harrer: When I left my last boarding place the landlady wept.

Mrs. Gunn: Well, I won't. I always collect in advance.

Beautiful, But Wise.

Ross: She seemed like a good sensible girl.

Hopkins: Yeh, she wouldn't have anything to do with me, either.

Too! Toot!

Old Lady: Young man, how long does this train stop here?

Station Agent: From two to two to two two.

Old Lady: Well, I declare, be you the whistle?

All In the Same State.

Thompson: So you were born in California.

O'Brien: Yes.

Nora: What part?

Jack: All of me.

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